

The Creek

BY BERT LEACH

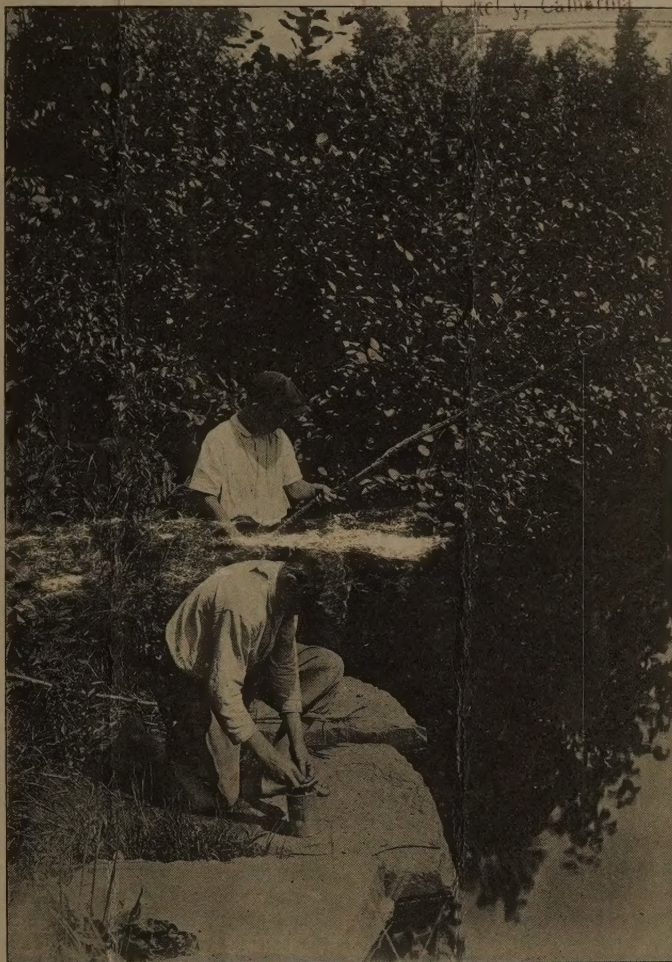
GOD made the creek for us, boys,
And so, of course, it's ours,
He bent the willows over it;
He lined the bank with flowers,
We may not have a quit-claim deed—
Much less, a warrantee—
But God just made this woodland creek
For boys like you and me.

It's on the map—you see it here,
A little wiggly line;
I'd never dream that we should care
To call it yours and mine;
But here's the place where trout stay,
Up here's the swimmin' hole;
It's a good old creek—I love it, boys,
With all my heart and soul.

And yonder is a little fall—
It's just around the bend—
It never stops its singin'—
It's an everlasting friend;
Down here the stream is quiet
Just like a looking-glass,
It mirrors all the sunlight
And all the clouds that pass.

And see this cherry bough, boys,
It's white with flowers in spring,
The orioles preen their feathers here,
And bluebirds perch and sing.
They look into the water
All colored up so gay,
And think how proud their mates must be
Of such fine birds as they.

Along these shady banks, boys,
We've roamed the summer through,
At noon within the shadows,
At evening in the dew.
God bent the willows over it,
And lined the bank with flowers;
He made the creek for us, boys,
And so, of course, it's ours.



"He made the creek for us, boys"

The Canoe Race

BY MATHILDE MEYER CHAPMAN

"POOH! What do you Eastern fellows know about Indians?" Arthur Ramsey's voice held a note of contempt. "When I lived out West we saw lots of them. They aren't a bit like what you think. You don't suppose they still go around in war-paint and feathers, like the pictures in the History, do you? No sirree; the ones we used to see wore overalls, just like the white cowboys, and big hats and blue cotton shirts. But they wore their hair in a long braid on each shoulder. One day I asked one of them what kind of

hair-tonic he used, and you ought to have seen him grin!"

Jack Turner and Guilbert Spence, sitting on an upturned canoe in the boat-house of Turner Camp, listened enviously, and perhaps a little incredulously.

"Did he shoot you?" asked Jack, amazed at Arthur's boldness in talking thus familiarly to a real Indian.

"Shoot nothing," responded Arthur, grandly. "All they shoot now-a-days is bears and coyotes and deer and mountain-lions.—I shot a coyote once," he added proudly. "And got a bounty for it."

"I can shoot," declared Jack.

"So can I," boasted Guilbert.

"Yes," sneered Arthur. "And what do

you shoot? Squirrels, maybe."

"My father got a deer last fall," said Guilbert.

"Deer!" Nothing could equal the contempt in Arthur's voice. "Did he ever shoot a bear?"

"N—no," admitted Guilbert, reluctantly.

"Well, out West where I lived the bobcats and coyotes would come right up to the house, and in the mountains the men shot mountain-lions and bears and things. Pooh! you Easterners are soft!"

Just then the dinner-gong sounded at the bungalow where Arthur was staying with his grandfather, and, picking up his fishing-tackle, he was off.

Jack and Guilbert looked at each other ruefully. Since they were very small, they had been coming up here to the lake in the Adirondacks every summer, and they had become quite proud of their ability to shoot and row and swim. But here, now, was a new boy on the lake who could out-boast them both, and sometimes they wondered whether all the remarkable stories he told them of the West were really true, or whether he didn't invent part of them as he went along.

"We've got to do something to show him we're not such softies as he thinks we are," was Guilbert's decision.

As they stepped out onto the dock, they saw Marion Spaulding coming down the trail that led to the boat-house. Marion lived at Camp Manhasset, the next but one up the lake, and the boys had always liked her, for she could row and swim and paddle as well as they could. She must have heard Guilbert's last remark, for she said,

"Bet I can guess who you boys are talking about. It's Arthur Ramsey."

"Right you are," said Jack. "Guilbert was just saying that he wished there was some way of taking him down a peg."

Marion looked thoughtful for a moment; then she said, "I'll tell you what to do, boys; that is, I will if you will agree to let me in on it."

"Sure, we will," acquiesced the boys, eagerly. "Go on. Tell us."

Marion leaned forward and lowered her voice. "Challenge him to a canoe race. He thinks he can handle a canoe 'cause he's been here two weeks, but he isn't in it with old-timers on the lake like you boys. And," she added shrewdly, "I know I can beat him too; he won't feel nearly so smart when he finds out that even an eastern girl can get the best of him."

"Good! Good!" Jack and Guilbert slapped their thighs in appreciation. "We'll have the race tomorrow afternoon."

That evening, they broached the subject to Arthur, who, believing himself quite competent with the paddle, readily agreed.

"We'll meet at our camp at two o'clock," said Jack, "and we'll all wear our bathing suits; it's safer in case of accident. Then we'll race to the island; that's about one-half mile."

The following afternoon, however, found a stiff breeze blowing, and the surface of the lake crisped with myriads of tiny, foam-crested wavelets. There was a dark cloud over half the sky, too, that foretold a coming storm.

"It's pretty rough," said thoughtful Guilbert, as the three boys stood on the dock of Camp Turner, "and there's a shower coming up. It will be rougher still up near the island, where the wind has a clean sweep. And Arthur can't swim. Don't you think we'd better put it off?"

Arthur looked scornful. "I told you that Eastern boys were soft," he sneered. "Who's afraid of a few little waves?"

"All right," said Guilbert. "Jack and I know that we can make it.—Here comes Marion."

"Are you all ready, boys?" asked Marion, as her canoe drew up alongside of the dock.

"You're not going to let her go, are you?" objected Arthur. "We don't want to be bothered taking care of any girls."

Jack rose loyally to Marion's defence. "Guess you needn't worry about her," he said, dryly. "She can paddle as well as you can. Better look out that she doesn't beat you."

Arthur laughed his irritating laugh, but got into his canoe without further words. The rough water did not bother them much until they got beyond the point of land where the tiny lighthouse stood, for thus far it had been the best policy to keep comparatively close to the sheltering shore. Now, however, they were obliged to strike out across the lake in order to reach the island, with wind and waves against them. Jack was in the lead, with Guilbert a close second, Marion several canoe lengths behind Guilbert, and Arthur quite a bit to the rear. The two boys in the lead found that they had to use their paddles with the utmost skill to keep their light craft head-on to the waves, for the wind had strengthened, and the dark cloud they had observed now covered the entire sky. Lightning was beginning to flash, too, and there were sounds of distant thunder.

"Wish we hadn't come," said Guilbert to Jack. "Arthur seems to be having a hard time back there."

They were abreast now, and had covered a little more than half the distance from the shore to the island. Suddenly there came a scream from Marion.

"Boys," she cried, "hurry back. Arthur's canoe has upset, and you know he can't swim. We've got to help him."

Warily, for fear of upset, the boys turned and began to paddle back towards the overturned canoe. They were riding with the wind, now, and it did not take them long to reach it, in company with Marion, whom they had overtaken. They found Arthur clinging with both hands to the canoe, against which the waves were foaming and breaking. If they expected him to show fright, they were disappointed, for he spoke to them with a coolness and lack of fear which won their unwilling admiration.

"The water seemed to snatch the paddle out of my hands," he explained. "I reached for it, and the canoe upset. Can you tow me in?"

Jack took command of the situation. "We can't tow you in through this rough water," he said, "and we can't get you into a canoe without upsetting it. And there's not a boat in sight. We must get help. Guilbert, you stay here with Arthur. I'll go to Cold Spring Camp and get them to come in their launch, and in order to make sure, you, Marion, had better go to Camp Kildare on the island. They have a launch, too. Hang on,

Arthur, we'll be back in a jiffy."

"All right," said Arthur, his teeth chattering, "but hurry! The water's awfully cold."

They went, leaving Guilbert and Arthur alone.

"If it would only rain!" said Guilbert. "That would flatten out the waves; the wind would drop too, then, and I could tow you in." The rain, however, still held off, though the lightning continued to flash and the thunder to re-echo among the mountains. Guilbert had all he could do to keep his frail canoe steady and close to Arthur amid those foaming whitecaps. Every two or three minutes he would ask, "Are you all right, Arthur?"

"Yes," Arthur would say, cheerfully, "I'm chilled through and the waves keep hitting me in the face, but I can hang on; don't worry."

"He's really got plenty of grit," Guilbert acknowledged, to himself. "I don't believe he was just boasting after all, when he told those stories."

Anxiously they watched the two canoes making their way through the rough water to opposite shores. Jack, paddling with the wind, reached Cold Spring Camp first, and jumped out upon the dock. Now he was running up the path that led to the house; he was going in. A minute later they saw him come out again, get into his canoe, and paddle on up the lake.

"Nobody there," said Guilbert, dejectedly. "They must have gone in the launch to the head of the lake this morning.—Look! Marion has landed now."

Just then here was a cry from Arthur. "Help! Guilbert! I'll have to let go. I've got such a dreadful cramp!"

Guilbert did not hesitate. He jumped from his canoe, overturning it as he did so, and in an instant he was at Arthur's side with an arm around him.

"You can let go now," he said. "I can hold onto the canoe and you, too. But don't grab me, or we'll both drown. Wish I were a good enough swimmer to take you in to shore. But I can't; it's too far."

Arthur, doubled up and groaning with pain, nevertheless had sense enough to restrain his natural impulse to grasp Guilbert around the neck. Guilbert, after some minutes, found that his task was not going to be an easy one. The arm with which he clung to the canoe grew numb, and soon he, too, was beginning to feel the icy chill of the water, which, this being early June, had not yet taken on any of the warmth of summer. His teeth began to chatter, and it was all that he could do to keep the face of Arthur, now blue with cold and drawn with pain, above water.

"Wonder why Kildare's launch doesn't come," he muttered. "Marion's been in there a long time."

"You'd better let me go, Guilbert," said Arthur, faintly. "Then you can hang on with both hands."

Guilbert gritted his teeth. "I won't let go," he said. "Not till I can't hang

on any longer. Then we'll both go if we have to."

Just then the welcome "put-put" of a naphtha launch came to them from across the lake, and a long, white body shot out from the dock of Camp Kildare. The sight of it inspired Guilbert with new courage.

"Cheer up!" he said. "Here they come. Now we'll be all right."

But Arthur did not answer, and looking down, Jack saw that his eyes had closed. He was unconscious.

To Guilbert, desperately holding to the canoe with an arm that seemed to have no feeling, chilled to the bone and struggling to keep the waves from dashing into the face of his unconscious companion, those last few minutes of waiting seemed like hours. Could he hold out until they reached him? What if he, like Arthur, should be taken with a sudden cramp? How terrible it would be if he should have to let go after all, with help so close at hand!

But now the voices of those in the launch began to come to him. "Hold on, boys. We're almost there."

A moment later the launch drew up alongside. Someone took the unconscious Arthur from him, lifting him over the bow; then the same hands lifted Guilbert himself over. He became aware that Mr. Brennan, the owner of Camp Kildare, was wrapping a warm blanket around him, and that Marion was doing the same for Arthur.

They took Arthur home to the bungalow, where, under the influence of heat and hot drinks, he soon recovered. As for Guilbert, who had not been in the water so long, the slight rest in the launch and the warmth of the blanket were enough to restore him, and he was able to thank Mr. Brennan when the latter left to go after the canoes.

By the following afternoon, they had all got to the point where they could look upon their experience as an interesting one.

"That was a pretty tight squeeze," remarked Arthur, as they sat in the summer-house at Camp Manhasset. I never realized that water had so much power; they seemed such little waves until you got out among 'em. Though, of course, we had a river out West where the current was so strong that no one could swim in it. But I'll say that you Eastern boys are no softies," with a grateful look at Guilbert.

"And how about us Eastern girls?" asked Marion slyly.

"I take off my hat to you," acknowledged Arthur, suiting the action to the word, and making an exaggerated bow. "If it hadn't been for your bringing help, Marion—" He left his hearers to complete the sentence.

"What I want to know," said Jack, "is—who won the race?"

Arthur laughed. "Guess it was Marion," he said. "She got to the island first."



Drawing by Lloyd Dotterer.

Flowers

BY RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD

Down in the field where the grass is tall, In a shady spot by the old stone wall, Betty and I are playing flowers,— Sitting quite still for hours and hours; Nodding our heads to a big butterfly, Throwing a kiss to the blue, blue sky, Smiling "good morning" to bees overhead, Waving "good day" to Robin-O-Red; But Betty and I are tired a bit— Do flowers do nothing but sit—and sit?

What Betty and Bobby Learned About Spiders

BY MARION BROWNFIELD

"OH!" exclaimed Betty one hot July day. "Don't let's play tag any longer!"

"What shall we do after we cool off?" asked Bobby. He sat down beside her in the garden.

"Oh!" screamed Betty, who was leaning up against the shade of the evergreen hedge. "I had my back right up against a spider web!"

"Pooh!" laughed Bobby, a web wouldn't hurt you!"

"But I don't like spiders," said Betty, "and there is something in the web!"

"Only a dead beetle," said Bobby as he looked hard to see.

"Mrs. Spider is probably resting," said Uncle Harry coming along because he had heard Betty's scream from the porch. "She hardly ever comes near the web in the day time. That is her trap to catch insects at night."

"When does she make the web?" asked Bobby. "She can't see at night—"

"Oh she starts to spin about two hours before sunset," answered Uncle Harry. "But she can see pretty well at night. Most spiders have eight eyes!"

"Eight eyes!" exclaimed Betty, "and how many legs?"

"Eight," said Uncle Harry, "no wonder they can run so fast. But their two hind legs are called 'spinnerets' because they spin webs with them."

"How many webs do spiders make?" asked Bobby.

"Sometimes they make a new one every night, if the web is damaged any way. You know moths, flies and beetles are apt to tear it when they see they have made a mistake and struggle to get away."

"Do they ever get away?" asked Betty.

"Not very often," said Uncle Harry. "See what a big hole this beetle made trying to get away."

"He looks stronger than a little spider," said Bobby.

"Well, Mrs. Spider is very smart," answered Uncle Harry. "She knows she can't fight very well—though she can bite—so she makes a very cunning web to trap her food. The web is sticky with a kind of glue she puts on it. Then she goes and hides."

"How does she know she's caught something to eat?"

"By her telegraph wire."

"Spiders don't telegraph!" said Bobby thinking for a minute that Uncle Harry was fooling.

"Yes they spin a little thread, so fine you can hardly see it, to the middle of the web and then carry the other end to their hiding place. Then they doze with their front feet on it. If it wiggles, they hurry out of their nest and travel right up to the web to see who's there!"

"If there's a bug there what do they do?" asked Betty.

"They tie it down with more fine threads that they spin as they need it. Sometimes they eat the bug right there and sometimes they carry it off and feast for two or three days in their hidden nest."

"I should think Mrs. Spider'd get stuck in her own web," said Betty, "if she puts glue on it."

"Oh it is kind of risky," said Uncle Harry, "but she has a resting place in the center that has no glue on it. So often she sits there and waits, if she's very hungry for her dinner—"

"That's the spider's parlor," concluded Betty. "I've heard about that before. But I didn't know spiders had telegraph wires—"

"Just for emergencies," said Uncle Harry, "because they have to go and nap sometimes. Making a web every evening is a lot of work."

THAT which makes life worth living cannot be bought with money. If you are rich you may buy a fine house, but you can not buy a happy home; that must be made—made by you and those who occupy it with you. With money you may rent a pew in some fashionable church, but you cannot rent a good conscience—that depends upon your manner of living and dealing with others.

—Schaeffer.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

2367 AUTUMN AVENUE,
MEMPHIS, TENN.

Dear Miss Buck: Our Sunday School may seem little to you, as we have only eighteen members, but we enjoy it as much as if we had eighteen hundred. Our teachers are Prof. Blagden, Miss Pitman, and Miss Ruggs. In class we have a secretary and a treasurer; the treasurer looks after the money and the secretary does the class business. Last Sunday we had a picnic at Riverside Park; we ate lunch and had a lot of fun. Hoping to see our letter in print, we are,

THE MEMPHIS UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Bernice Rogers, Treasurer.
Dick Fricks, Secretary.

HOULTON, MAINE.

Dear Miss Buck: I would like very much to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School and sometimes to the morning service. Daddy is the minister. Mrs. Putnam is my Sunday-school teacher. I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade. My mother teaches the sec-

ond grade. I would like to have some of the Beacon children write to me.

Yours truly,

MARGARET H. MOWERY.

BRANT POINT LIGHT,
NANTUCKET, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: I am fourteen years of age and go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. Our pastor is Rev. Josiah C. Kent, also our teacher. About every Sunday we have someone come in. I am very much interested in the Beacon Club and would like to join it. I am in the eighth grade of the Junior High School.

Yours truly,

PRESCOTT DIXON.

91 BANK STREET,
ST. ALBANS, VT.

Dear Miss Buck: I have been enjoying *The Beacon* for two years and I thank you very much for the interesting magazine. I like the Recreation Corner best, especially the Twisted Names. I can't go to the Unitarian church because there is none here. I go to the Congregational Church. I am eight years old. I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT ELLIS WISE.

Church School News

WINNIPEG, Canada; All Souls Unitarian Church. The Department of Religious Education was greatly pleased to receive from this church in Canada the program of a concert given by the Sunday school, and also the program of the Easter pageant, "Renewal of Life," which the school gave in the church on Easter Sunday. The concert secured \$35., to further the interests of the school, and the members of the school made weekly contributions, in white envelopes, to the amount which the church contributed to the American Unitarian Association. As this church is without a minister, the Laymen's League conducts the church service three Sundays in each month, and the church school is responsible for the service on the fourth Sunday. This is an excellent record of service to the church by the school which is a part of it. The Editor wishes for this group a very successful season of work.

Our church school at Bolton, Massachusetts, under the care of Rev. Walter G. W. Wolfe and his wife, has had a fine growth during the past twelve months. The attendance has risen from an average of twenty to an average of from sixty to seventy. The minister attributes a large increase in the membership of his church to the growth in his church school, parents of the children who attend having come to be interested in the church. The increase and regularity in attendance he attributes to the use of barges which bring the children from the scattered portions of the town.

All Souls Church, Washington, D. C. At the closing service of this school on June 4th, there was a recognition class

of six members who received the diploma for the completion of the course of study. At this service the class pennants, on which during the year stars are placed for every Sunday of perfect attendance of the class, were strung across the room and made a fine showing as to the number of Sundays the various groups had had all the members present. The fine average attendance of this school kept up to the very close and its picnic was held on June 8th, following the last Sunday session of the school. During the spring months members of the upper classes of both boys and girls have taken part in the conduct of the service of worship. On one Sunday, the Daughters of All Souls conducted the entire service of worship of the school.

Quincy, Massachusetts; First Parish Unitarian Church School; Charles H. Johnson, Superintendent. This school, which is one of the largest in our fellowship, observed Children's Day on June 4th. A printed program gave the order of service. One excellent feature of the program was a series of talks from members of the classes in the school about the subjects that had been studied during the year. Five of these were lessons from the Old Testament and four, lessons from the New Testament. Awards were made for perfect attendance and five children were christened by the minister.

Our Honor Roll

Miss Luella A. Magoun, a teacher in the church school at Whitman, Mass., reports that a member of her class, Miss Vera Drake, is entitled to honorable mention for her good work in securing new members for the school.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA I.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 8, 11, 13, 24, is a precious metal.
My 21, 27, 3, 4, 10, 9, are liked by most children.
My 12, 16, 22, 7, 1, 18, is a fruit.
My 17, 19, 20, 6, 22, 25, 22, is the name of a State.
My 1, 2, 26, 3, 28, is a color.
My 9, 11, 15, 5, is pliable.
My 13, 6, 14, is a cover.
My whole is a message from the editor of the Recreation Corner.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE

In 4-2-7-5, you'll find a game they say is great,
7-2-10-6-1-8's a town in Massachusetts State,
Next's a number, 9-3-8, and now the answer tell,
A poet of renown is whole, you know his name quite well.

BOYLAND.

A BASKET OF BERRIES

1. The berry which saved a city from its foes.
2. The berry which indicates the direction of the wind.
3. The berry which is most abundant at night.
4. The berry which means bereavement.
5. The berry which is liked in the sky.
6. The berry which brings to mind a well-known general.
7. The berry which does not smooth.
8. The berry which stimulates.

THE WELLSPRING.

HIDDEN RIVERS OF THE UNITED STATES

1. The Easter eggs were dark brown.
2. Let us go to far Kansas to settle.
3. Here we are at last, Lawrence.
4. The mountain was naked of trees.
5. The little Japanese miss is sipping her tea.
6. We heard several thuds on the roof.
7. He likes jam, especially if it is raspberry.
8. The automobile went very fast.

THE TARGET.

HOMONYM

They rushed pell-mell into the house,
Two bright American scions.

"Been to the Zoo," the boy proclaimed,
"And I've seen two *****."

"Out to the country have I been,
Out to the church called Zion's"

Said the girl. "And I have seen—not two
But a thousand *****."

THE WELLSPRING.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 35

ENIGMA LXVI.—Thornton W. Burgess.

ENIGMA LXVII.—Genius is eternal patience.

HIDDEN FISH—1. Salmon. 2. Pickerel. 3. Perch. 4. Cod. 5. Haddock. 6. Shad. 7. Herring. 8. Trout. 9. Bass. 10. Smelt.

CHANGEABLE FRUIT—1. Grape, grate, prate.

2. Pear, dear, deer. 3. Prune, prude, crude. 4. Fig, fin, fun. 5. Date, dace, mace. 6. Peach, peace, pence.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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